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THE
FABLE

OF THE
CUCKOO:

OR,

The Sentence on the Ill Bird
that defiled his own Nest.

Shewing, in a Dissenter's Dream, some Saty-
rical Reflections, on a late Infamous Libel,
call'd, *The True-Born Englishman*.

*Survey the Globe, no Nation bears a Name,
That has not heard Renown'd Britannia's Fame,
Who long has th' Darling of the World been call'd,
And her blest Sons for Arts and Arms extoll'd:
Her Senate, in August Assembly met,
Shew a diffusive Power, so Nobly Great,
Such Justice, Wisdom, Themes for Sacred Story:
Envy may Cloud, but ne'er Eclpse her Glory.*

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year 1701.

De 100
1708

To the Most Illustrious and
Universally Renown'd
The Nobility, Gentry, and
Commonalty of England.

Right Noble, Right Honble,
Honble, and Worthy.

BE pleased to accept, from one that has
the Honour to be your Country-
man, the small present of these few
Sheets, in Verse; which, though
slightly compiled, my other Affairs pressing me
so, that I was oblig'd hastily to write, some-
times, two hundred Lines a day, yet I hope
you will find the Invention of the Fable worth
your

your regard; the Stile and Humour (being
a kind of Burlesque) not unpleasant, and the
Subject-Matter grateful: Being a Defence of
our Native Country, and Reflections upon
the most Odious Scandal that ever any Age
can remember has fallen upon it.

If the Amphibious Author, as he calls us,
Amphibious Mob, intended his abominable
Libel for a Reforming Piece, his Head was
very shallow, and he was as simply advis'd, to
do it in that notorious manner, by which he was
sure rather to enrage his Pupils to rail at his
ill Manners, than engage em to reform their
own: But he has only shewn us the poor skill
he has in the true Nature of Satyr, and his
own unexampled Impudence in pretending to it,
by

by publishing under that Title so infamous and
scurrilous a Detraction.

You, therefore, the August Patriots, as well
as the other People of England, as ye are
equally concerned in the Ignominy, that gene-
rally is unjustly, as well as indecently, thrown
upon you, I hope in Defence and Encourage-
ment of this small Essay, will publish your De-
testation of the other : For, I confess, I could
not help thinking it a strange discredit to our
Nation, to let Foreigners believe there was not
Wit in it sufficient to contradict such a Slaun-
der, as well as the fulsome Confidence of Wri-
ting it ; and therefore only laid this Stone, for
some better Genius, and abler Artist to build
upon.

As to the Dissenter's Dream, by which I have introduced him to tell the ensuing Story, you may, if you please, find it applicable to some present National Affairs, and not altogether void of design to animate the Satyrical Reflections: If, therefore, in the Invention or Writing, I have given you any Satisfaction, I am very sensible and extreamly well pleased to acknowledge that I have done my self an Honour.

THE

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The Introduction.

Passing one Evening through a part of *Sherwood Forest*, after having been well filled with *Nottingham-Ale*, at a Friend's House in the Neighbourhood; and not only so, but having had my share of a good dish of grumbling Discourse against the Government, and particularly the Church, (for you must know, by the way, Beloved, that I am a true Dissenter, though a Wet-One,) and would not willingly lose my Club of railing at the Enormities of the Orthodox Party, as the

Cups jollily pass round to one another, no more than I would be pleased in balking the Intemperance of the Cups themselves, when a Tub of good Liquor seems to stand on Tiptoes, in defiance of my Sobriety and Constitution. Well, to abbreviate my digression, being thus well regaled, as I have told ye, at the foot of a large Oak, upon whose spreading Branches numbers of the pretty feather'd Choristers were singing their parts in consort, and no doubt in their unknown Language, carolling Praises on Eternal Providence, for their Liberty, Health, Plenty, and Peace, unmix'd with the Curse of Ambition or the Plague of Riches, the daily intolerable Vexations of wretched Mortality, I lay down, with design only to rest a little, and recreate myself with the Musical Diversion those pretty Creatures gave me; when, but very few Minutes after, being indulg'd by that posture of ease, and my Senses amused with the variety of Evening Pleasures, I fell a-sleep: By that occasion, giving my Fancy liberty to entertain herself, in that silent *Interregnum* of Life, with something new and extravagant; the particulars of which, as my Dream suggested them to me in Verse, hapning to concur with some

* *The True-
Born English-
man.* Modern * Scandal, which I had newly read, when I was in Town, and of which I confess I thought I had received a just *Odium*, as an *Englishman*; together with my own Remarks, for my Mouth

Mouth seemed to run over with Poetry too, are
as follows.

The FABLE.

A Princely * Eagle, that had long been * Eng-
land.
Crown'd,

And o'er the Forest, far and near renown'd,
Grown old in State, with Wealth and Power possess,
And with a Numerous Offspring Nobly Blest,
Attended only by *Minerva's* Fowl,
Of Yore so honour'd, ——— the Sagacious Owl,
Methought descending from her tow'ring height,
Expos'd her Person to my wondring sight:
Her mournful Gate, neglected flagging Wing,
Shew'd that her Breast retain'd some heavy thing;
And from her Beak, came a faint murmuring Sound
Of Secret Woes, her Pounces rent the Ground,
Whilst smother'd Sighs oft to these Words would
grow,

Ungrateful Piper dar'st thou use me so.

Then

Then skreek'd, like one possess'd with raging Fumes,
Shaking, like Porcupines, her ruffled Plumes.

Confounded at the Strangeness of this Scene,
As much admiring what this Grief should mean;
And seiz'd with Pain the Novel Truth to hear,
Fav'rite, Sir Owl, came close up to my Ear;
And with grave Method, and uncommon Grace,
Adorning both his Gesture and his Face:
My Friend, says he, since you the Secret seek,
And Fated are to know that Birds can speak,
From me you shall th'unhappy Tale receive,
Which makes my Sovereign thus sadly grieve,
Opprest with Pangs unnatural Vileness gave her;
Then listen, and pray take it as a Favour.

Surpriz'd at his harsh note, and struck with awe
At the reserv'd austerity I saw,
Which seem'd like some stern Judge denouncing Law.

His

His Words deliver'd with such gravid State,
 And such a Learned awkwardness in Gate,
 As oft adorns the Purple Magistrate,
 Startled, I thought of Errors in past times,
 And tacitely began to count my Crimes.
 But weighing his Discourse, more than at first,
 And sure, I had done nothing to be truss'd,
 My Thanks return'd him, like a well-bred Man,
 When thus the Broadfac'd Orator began,

That *Royal Object* there, o'erwhelm'd
 with grief,
 Of all the Feather'd Species is the Chief;
 August in Power, and Parent of a Race,
 Numerous as Minutes in an Age of Days;
 Crowds of Great Heroes from her Loyns have sprung,
 And artful Bards admired for Learned Song;
 The General *Goshawk*, never known to yield;
 The sprightly *Falcon*, Captain of the Field;

*Sir Owl's
 Tale of
 the Cuc-
 koo.*

The

The cautious *Merlin*, and the sturdy *Kite*,
 Expert in Prudent Conduct as in Fight,
 Throughout a Series of succeeding Years,
 In Fame's great Roll renown their Characters;
 By *Foreigners*, the Son's of Honour call'd,
 And far as *Phœbus* darts his Rays extoll'd.

But see the state of Transitory Things,
 What slender Comforts Mortal Pleasure brings:
 This Queen, Progenitrix of mighty Kings,
 Mother of Warriours, Wits who wonder draw,
 Statesmen profound, and *Magi* of the Law,
 In shoals, who all to her pay dutious Awe.
 Some few Months since, by Magick surely charm'd,
 Hatch'd in her Nest, a Monster so deform'd,
 The Odious Imp astonish'd all the Brood,
 Who gazing on't forget their daily Food.

With Limbs distorted the fowl Lump we find,
 Scabbed and loathsome, bleer-ey'd, and oft blind,
 And nothing shares of the fair Eagle's kind.
 But horid, as old Basilisks have been;
 Or Hell's own Bird, a *Belgian Sooterkin*.

Th'unhappy Queen you may well think surpriz'd;
 Yet still to act for th'best with me advis'd;
 And wisely thus the mischief we disguis'd.
 As th'Apron'd Cuckold with his grimbled Phiz',
 Fondles the Todpole-Bratt, he thinks is his,
 To dress and feed it cares not what he spends,
 Bragging on't daily to his wittal Friends;
 Vows 'tis all Honey that the Cub does drivel;
 And swears 'tis Bonny, tho' 'tis like the Devil.
 So we that would not let the Nestlings know
 Our artful Cheat, great liking seem'd to shew,
 And set the shapeless Fiend up for a Beau.

Indulgent

Indulgent Nurſes hir'd to keep it clean :
 And that ſome inward Graces might be ſeen,
 For the defects which outwardly had been,
 Learn'd Tracts were taught, to make it a Diſputer :
And I my ſelf was Penſion'd for his Tutor.

Who am, if you deſire to know my Place,
 Chaplain in waiting to her Mourning Grace.
 To th' Family each Morn in Sacred Lore,
 My Divine Homilies I canvafe o'er ;
 But yet, do what I can, they mind their breakfast
 more.

Almoſt alone, Heaven's Joys I'm oft propounding,
 And God's good Grace to hollow Walls is ſounding ;
 Whilſt all the time wanting the ſluggiſh Dunces,
 Religious Echoes only make Responses.

Thus, by the way, my Friend, I only tell ye,
 To ſhew how Souls are ſlighted for the Belly.

Here, with a Cough, a while Sir Owl gave o'er;
 But calling himself Tutor just before,
 My Eye upon him with strange fear inclin'd,
 Old *Busby* came so fresh into my mind;
 Caus'd by the Crabbed Reverence of his Look,
 I fancied I again had miss'd my Book;
 And that the Horse stood ready to prepare
 To mount my *Podex* on, to take the Air.
 But when he nam'd his Chaplains Quality,
 And the remissness of the Family,
 That comes from Orthodox harrangue thought I,
 Had you a Teacher of our Brethren been,
 Held-forth like him who wrote *The Sink of Sin*,
A — p, or *B — s*, or like many more,
 Your Church had then been crowded to the Door.
 Then strange dislike at his chuff haughty mien,
 Methought I suddenly did entertain

A stiff Grimace, and Magisterial Frown,
 Like B—ch or H—n, *Rabbies* of the Town;
 And others of the Rule-desiring Gown.
 O'erspread his Face, which frightening me in Vision,
 With horrid thoughts of the old Inquisition,
 Brought me to so uneasie a Condition,
 That Rage was like to vent —— When having done
 Th'Effect of his Catarrh, he thus went on.

Great was my care, and many a tweak and drub
 I us'd to manage this unsightly Squob:
 To cultivate his Pate I took vast pains,
 Finding he was not destitute of Brains:
 But had, 'twas strange in such a Dolt as he,
 A tolerable Gift in Poetry:
 Could smatter Words in Metre long or short,
 Like any *Yonker* of an *Inns* of Court:

And

And patch up a hotch-potch of scur'lous Matter,
 Which still in his rude fancy pass'd for Satyr;
 Nor did the Queen's Maternal Goodness fail,
 As I his Head, to mundify his Tail;
 For with vile Ordure the unnat'ral Beast,
 Would be defiling, every foot, his Nest;
 Choak all his Brethren with the odious scent,
 And play the Devil so with his Fundament,
 That maugre all the help that could be found,
 Became a Nuisance all the Forest round:
 Nor did he less confound what I design'd,
 In the vile Brutal dictates of his Mind,
 Instead of reading soft Humanity,
 With which I oft manur'd his Infancy,
 Town Scandal always must his Study be.

Old *Julian's* Tracts with him were Gold and Pearl;
 Or any thing could Tutor him to snarl:

Till now, grown to the height of barb'rous Nature,
 This Léper, this abherr'd mishapen Creature,
 Summing up all his Impudence together,
 Puts out a damned Lampoon against his *Mother*;
 Makes her the Quintessence of Infamy,
 Debauch'd by all of high and low degree;
 And says She's of no Name nor Family:
 Exposes all her Blemishes to view,
 Her secret Pimples, Scratches, Plaisters too:
 Nay, there is scarce a Mole upon her A——
 This Monster has not shewn in Dogrel Verse.

This Blot in her fair Scutcheon makes the Queen
 Wear cloudy Phiz', that late was so Serene:
 Vex'd to the Soul at her ungrateful Bratt,
 She Curses the ill hour he was begot;
 Bans her hard Fate, to hatch, amongst the rest,
 This odious Scandal to her Noble Nest;

And wishes she had been reduc'd to beg,
 So this curst Lump had never form'd an Egg,
 But that you may be further satisfied,
 And have this Story plainer verified,
 Behold the Moon-Calf comes; turn there and see
 The Thing it self: Monstrous as Fiend can be!
 Reading, as I suppose, its late fine Poetry.

I look'd, and from a rotten Stump in th' Road,
 Hopp'd out, a loathsome Thing, shap'd like a Toad,
 With Spots and Scabs, his Body spangled o'er,
 Molted from Feathers, shivering and sore:
 Yet, 'midst this Compact of dire Ills, I saw
 A scribbl'd Paper open in his Claw,
 Which seem'd to please him, more than Food his
 -Craw.

Where the first Line, I could distinguish well.

* *Speak Satyr, for there's none like thee can tell.*

* True
 Born
English-
man, p. 1.

The injur'd Eagle, 'soon as he appear'd,
 With suddain start her drooping Head up-rear'd;
 Her Eyes, that lately flow'd, now flam'd with Fire,
 Whilst Generous Anger did her Breast inspire;
 Rage got the Prize from Grief and awful Might.
 Offer'd Revenge to do her Honour right;
 When with a troubled, yet disdainful look,
 The smoth'ring Anguish from her Bosom broke;
 And to her hated Offspring, thus she spoke.
 Bane of my Life, thou Wretch so very vile,
 That but to Name thee does the Tongue
 defile,
 Unnat'ral Cannibal, so barb'rous grown,
 Instead of other's Flesh to gorge thy own:
 Thou canst not thy base Blood receive from me;
 But must by Magick Art my Nestling be;
 Some barbarous Witch her fell revenge pursued,
 And cast some Cuckoo's Egg amongst my Brood:

*The Ea-
 gle's
 Speech to
 the Cuckoo.*

For just like one of them does Nature frame
 Thy mangy Corps, thy Shape, and Song the same,
 Changing for Cuckoo only Mother's Name.

My True-strain'd Offspring ne'er like Rebels rise;
 Nor would, like thee, peck out their Mother's Eyes;
 Nor vouch, (but who such Villany believes,)

That her first Loves, were Crowds of wand- True Born
 ring Thieves, Englishman.
 Part I. p. 11.

From whose mix'd Relicks, our compounded Breed,
 By spurious Generation does succeed;

That they their barb'rous Offspring left behind,

The Dregs of Armies, They of all Mankind; ibid.

That who the Hero was no Man can tell, p. 14.

Whether a Drummer, or a Colonel.

And then again, that we are all deriv'd ibid.

From the most Scoundrel-Race that ever liv'd;

That we are Europe's sink, the Fakes, where she

Voids all her offal outcast Progeny. p. 15.

Tautologes

Tautologies upon Tautologies,
 Compounds of ranc'rous Spite, and fulsome Lyes:
 But were it true, as 'tis as false as Hell,
 You Monster! Is this fit for you to tell?
 Must my dishonour be your Subject Matter,
 Who share a Portion of my Humane Nature?
 Curs'd Forge of Scandal, Could you find no other
 To bring to shew her Postures, but your Mother?
 Are you to turn me up? Ye Hell-born Imp:
 Suppose I am a Whore, Must you be Pimp?
 Must the dark Closet, where so close you lay
 Nine Months, ye Wretch, be opened by your Key?
 Or, grant that you my Nakedness had seen,
 By chance surpriz'd your Parent, and your Queen,
 You should have gone, you Brute, with backward
 Feet,
 To cover, and not call Folks in to see't.

If *Ham* was Curs'd, by *Noah*, for that 'Sin,
 Thou hast the Curse deserv'd of all thy Kin;
 Whose Faults by thee are made as big again.
 At the wrong End o'th' Prospect mine are set,
 And small Ones there are Magnified and Great;
 My Moles made Blotches, and my Pimples Scarrs,
 And petty twinkling Crimes made Blazing Stars;
 And to compleat the Injury is done me,
 All Nations are engag'd to peep upon me.

The *Roman* Tyrant that his Mother wrong'd,
 Though once to see his place of Birth he long'd,
 Had yet so great a fence of Filial Duty,
 Not to expose the *Venus* of her Beauty
 To the lewd Crowd; but chose a silent few
 For his mad Frolick in that Interview.
 But thou, to be a Witness of my Shame,
 Call it all the World, and fill it the Mouth of Fame,

French chattering Jays, Scotch Daws, and Irish Rooks,
 Fat German Geese, Low-Country Belgick Ducks,
 Grave Spanish Crows, Italian Sparrows, Pies
 Of Poland, almost every Bird that flies,
 Whether Home-bred, or Foreign *Tramontano*,
 Must pore into my *Fistula in Ano*.

Then at warm Seasons, when the Cups go round,
 Reading thy Treatise, they'll my Credit wound.
 See here they'll cry, with a malicious sneer,

The Boasting *English Eagle's* Character;

See here her Picture, lively drawn in Metre,
 No *Holben* or *Vandyke* could do it better.

This, this is she, that us'd to set us Rules

For Arms in Field, and Learning in her Schools;

Lift up her Cocking Front above her Neighbours,

And cram'd with Native Plenty mock our Labours:

Here's the High Dame that breeds fierce Sons of *Mars*,

The chosen Umpire still in Peace or Wars;

Re-

Renown'd in Military Arts and Civil,
 By some hot-headed blunt plain-dealing Devil
 Of her own Tribe, in all her Pride, cut short,
 And made ridiculous to make us sport :

Her Boasted Ancestors that fill'd her Towns,
 Nay, that in Grandeur sat upon her Thrones,
 A horrid medly made of Thieves and Drones.

True-born Englishman, Part. I. p. 14.

The Royal Breed from Scotland, Scabbs Sirnam'd ;
 And our late Princely Eagle more defam'd,
 Who to his Crown and Royalty restor'd,
 By those who Trait'rous Regicides abhorr'd,
 Appears no better in his Calumny,

Than with base Title of a *Refugee*

*True-Born
 Engl. ibid.*

His Noble Race blest by indulgent Fate ;
 For who in Story e'er appear'd less Great
 Or Brave, for being Illegitimate ;

Some

Some of whom, late, in search of Glory slain;
 The rest untainted with ignoble stain,
 By this bold Scare-crow are broad *Bastards* stil'd,
 With vulgar Ordure from his Pen defil'd,
 So gross as in no Age o'th' World appears;
 And yet this Head of Brass still wears his Ears,

Thus, thou audacious, base, degenerate Brat,
 Thus, at each Meal, the *Foreigners* will chat:
 Those that before knew nothing but our Fame,
 And bore even Reverence to an *English* Name,
 Each hour will twitt us with our Progeny,
 And scarcely move a Hat as we pass by,
 Scribble abroad the Tale of our Disgrace,
 In a damn'd Jargon of all Languages;
 Laugh in their Sleeves at the Affront is done us,
 And by a Native of our own put on us;

Who proves our Nobles just remov'd from Boors,

Yesterdays Mushromes, upstart Sons of Whores.

This ! that in Field has dearly earn'd his Glory,

And with Immortal Fame swell'd future Story.

This ! that for Wit deservedly has won. E. of D.

The Title of *Apollo's* Noblest Son:

Of whom, with Joy, the Nation long has boasted ;

Whose Spring yet flows, and cannot be exhausted.

This ! that with Heart and vigorous strength L. H.
of Brain,

His drooping Country's Honour did maintain,

Retrieve our forfeit Fame, changing the Coin,

And o'er all *Europe* made our Credit shine ;

Oppos'd the Vice of Faction many an hour,

And turn'd the Scale of Legislative Power,

Or this, whose Ancient Line now Grazing Tombs,

For many Ages past wore snowy Plumes ; E. of O

With others that in Glory's Court have rooms :

Sacred

Sacred to Fame, till endless Bliss o'ertakes 'em :

To vouch, that *Impudence and Money* makes
'em,

True-Born
Engliſh-
man, Part. I.

p. 23.

Is an Abuse of ſuch a curſt Degree,

It Mercy choaks, I cannot pardon thee;

Nor can ſuch ſcandalous Mechanick Rhimes

Proceed from any, that my Blood ſublimes :

I therefore ſay again 'tis Witchery

Hath mix'd thee with my ſtainleſs Family,

Which to find out, and the clear Truth to know,

I'd venture through Hell's burning Gates below.

Upon yon Plain a Reverend Oak there ſtands,

Spreading her verdant Branches o'er the Lands;

Where, in Receſs, a Learned Raven Broods,

In Magick ſkill'd : Foretell he can the Fewds

Of Haughty Nations: Whether Infant Spain

Shall, like *Mackbeth*, a Lucky Monarch Reign,

Or into Anjou be ſent back again,

Whether

Whether the Flota be surpriz'd or no,

And where our dear Ten Millions in's will go :

Whether our Senators will Vote for War :

When Monsieur makes his Marches, and how far ;

And how long Sweden's King shall beat the Czar.

In short, all that the Devil and Art can do,

His Conjurations can disclose, or shew,

He shall unfold thee, and my doubts shall chase :

Then, if I find Impostors in the Case,

The Rack, the Fire, the Poison, or the Steel,

Are easie to the Torments they shall feel.

Scarcely had the angry Queen disclos'd her Soul,

When at an Elms broad Foot, from out a hole,

A Cuckoo hops, to all that did behold her

Just like the t'other, only somewhat older ;

Who trembling at her Foot down humbly lies,

Frighted to Death to view her fiery Eyes ;

Till rowz'd a little from her pannick fear;

She begs the Sovereign her Tale would hear,

No longer can I bear the Guilt, she cry'd, *The Old Cuckoo's Tale.*
Which I for many days have strove to hide,

The Imposture stings me to my very Soul;

Nor can I now contain a Crime so foul.

Know then, Great Queen, this *Spurious*, mine I own,

My Natural Flesh, my Blood too, and my Bone;

Though hatch'd beneath your Royal Body, he

Was got i'th' Egg by *Hobby* and by me:

A fond Ambitious longing to compleat,

(You know our Female Trick, 'tis no new cheat,)

And hopes to make my dear Inclosed Great,

One day when you abroad your Subjects blest,

I watch'd the time, and drop'd it in your Nest;

Where long it has been foster'd like a Prince;

And here's the Total Summ of my Offence.

Now,

Now, though I find y^e have reason to abhor him,
 Methinks I could not let you Conjure for him;
 The Powers of Hell might so come in to share,
 And th' Devil perhaps truss up my Son and Heir.

This said, a Joy you presently might spy,
 In turn succeeding to the Eagle's Eye;
 The Case was chang'd, the Riddle now made plain,
 And th' Owner was to have her Mare again;
 To whom the Queen most willingly resign'd,
 And for the Joyful News her Pardon sign'd.
 The Old, her Thanks return'd, with Cuckoo's
 Hallow;
 And *Exit* made, beck'ning her Son to follow:
 But he, whose Nature was not chang'd with Place,
 That yet retain'd no sence of his Disgrace,
 Kept backward, till the Dam was out of reach,
 Resolv'd t' excuse his Mischief with a Speech.

And whilst the Eagle, pleas'd now to excess,
 Was pond'ring on Revenge of Injuries,
 Begins Harangue with a worse Tone and Grace,
 Than th' Clerk of *Pancras* upon Holidays,
 At Easter, or the First of a New Moon,
 When he puts *Sternbold's* Nonsense to a Tune.

Quoth he, tho' that old Dotard has confess'd
 I am a Cuckoo, that's to me a Jest;
 I am, howe'er, an Inmate of your Nest:

*The
 Cuc-
 koo's
 Speech.*

My auk'ard Shape perhaps from her I drew;
 But stubborn, salt, ill Humour took from you;
 Your railing Temper was to mine a Guide,
 I've all your Wit, and some too of your Pride;
 And if my Manners your Nice Sence provokes,
 Your shewn as much as you shew other Folks:
 I knew not how to Complement your Blots,
 And wanted skill to Sugar o'er your Faults.

Besides,

Besides, if now my Tongue may have fair Play,

For I am still downright, you know my way,

I'll, by my *Showl*, be bound to have my Guts

Pull'd out, as when you Dine you use your Cats,

Goggle your Eyes, or bridle at your ease:

Simper, or Mince the matter as you please:

Tho' whips you vouch are to my Satyr due,

That th' World shall own the most of it is true,

At this, Sir *Owl*, before the Queens reply,

Step'd up, and with a juggle push'd him by:

This insolence, cries he, does merit Death,

There's *Treason* even in a stinking Breath,

Sounding to Royal Ears——Ye Scoundrel hence,

Y'are now a *Cuckoo*, Sirrah, not a *Prince*,

And 'tis below the Eagle's Majesty

To argue with such grov'ling Infamy;

Yet that the Jewel Justice may be shown
 On all occasions, sparkling in her Crown,
 As the High Senate still Example brings,
 When Chancellors explain the Will of Kings;
 I will the Cudgels take to thrash your Hide,
 And quickly baffle your ill-grounded Pride.

That some on't's true, Does that excuse your
 Crimes?

Slave, should the Truth be spoken at all times?

Truth, though 'tis sometimes fit to be reveal'd;

Yet 'tis as often properly conceal'd:

Besides, there's as much difference in telling,

As is between good Counsel, and rebelling.

Satyr's the nicest of Poetick Arts,

And should not flea but tickle till it smarts:

To find the Wound's condition, first be sure,

Before it puts the corrosive to cure:

For gentle Doses give the Patient ease,

When violent oft-times inflame Disease.

Instruction still should modest Reasons shew,

Not lose a Friend, nor by it gain a Foe!

With scurrilous Reproach, who would inform?

Instead of doing good is doing harm.

None e'er with Rudeness Reformation gains;

Nor breaking of a Head improv'd the Brains.

Hadst thou been modest in thy subject matter,

Thy vile Lampoon had been preferr'd to Satyr.

Didst thou on Nature's Frailties gently fall,

Strip to the Ankle, without shewing all

Thy Brethren Natives, some allowance yet

Had given thee, for the scatterings of thy Wit;

Though 'tis as thin sprung as that worst of Years,

In th' Peasants Field, where Satan once sow'd Tares:

But

But thus to cleave us with thy Hatchet Muse,

Deserves no Toleration or Excuse.

Live then in Odium, great as thy Abuse:

Banish'd the Nine, and all the Noble Furies

That Wit inspire, *as Butchers are from Furies.*

All Vices, which in Hell's black Roll we find,

By thee are blended in the Eagles kind;

Nay, when we thought she was thy Mother too,

That Title ne'er the more thy Duty drew,

The Cuckoo's Cant still in each Couplet stood,

This is the Eagle's, this is the Eagle's Brood.

The Piſt has made 'em ſowre, the Dane moroſe,

False from the Scot, and from the Norman worſe.

What Honesty they have the Saxon gave 'em,

And that, now they grow old, begins to leave 'em,

Such ſcand'ous ſtuff ſo barbarouſly chimes,

So deſtitute of Reaſon and of Rhimes,

True-
Born
Engliſh
man.
Part II.
p. 26.

That

That every Reader is amaz'd to see

So vast a Wilderness of Calumny.

Then farther on, the Birds at Helm have Blots,

Slaves to their Liquor, Drudges to their Pots;

The Mob are Statists, and the Statists Sots.

True-Born
Englishman
Part. II.
p. 39.

Don't you deserve for this a Kick i'th' Guts?

Are none of these at leasure (since you hate 'em)

To cramp your Corps with *Scandalum Magnatum* :

It might be done, I fancy, with great ease,

And you be Fin'd, for all your B — s and C — s:

Where are our Lawyers, all the Choughs and Daws,

Can they be backward in so good a Cause?

Will they run daggling to get petty Fleeces,

Picking poor Clients Pockets of Half-pieces,

And negligent of such a case as this is?

Or, where's the Eagle's flat-nos'd Officer,

That tyes Offenders dangling in the Air,

Suspending

Suspending Wretches bad as bad can be,

Yet none amongst 'em half so bad as thee?

Why does he not appear with Knife pull'd out,

To clip your Worship shorter by the Snowt.

Ah, had'st thou been a Native cross the Water,

And there had'st publish'd this reforming matter,

Vended in Paris Streets thy scandal'rous Ware,

And thus abus'd the Lords and Commons there,

What Whips, what Buffets, and what Bastinado's

Had paid for thy plain-dealing blunt Bravado's;

The *Monsieur* would have shewn thee the *Bastile*,

And making Treason of such scandal'ous ill,

Suppl'd thy stubborn Carcase on a Wheel.

This Label o'er thee had been Printed too,

The base Defamer of his Country view.

(At least as thou would'st have it on Record,

And now we all think fit to take thy Word:)

While

Whilst th' Hangman, Head, and Arms, and Legs
assailing,

Had given the Satyrift fresh cause of railing.

At this the Cuckoo, almost burst with spleen,
Methought replied : I know your biting vein,
You can as sharp as any Razor be,
When you are nettled, as you are at me,
The Clergy oft can lay their meekness by,
And, as from Cassock, strip formality :
Then with sharp Sentences and cutting Jokes,
Shew as much hearty Spite as other Folks
But that you should on me your Rancour shower,
You that endow'd me with my Scribbling Power ;
For though you taught Humanity 'tis true,
You taught me other crabbed Authors too ;
From whose full Duggs the *Thespian* Milk I drew ;
For I had ne'er turn'd Poet but for you :

You shew'd me *Juvenal*, and after that
Persius, and *Horace*, and the Lord knows what
 Fellows, as sharp as White-wine Vinegar,
 That flang'd Mens Vices without shame or fear,
 And since too, Modern Sharpers of the Town,
 Such as your T—n, T—d, and T— B—n:
 But above all the Whipping Toms in Action,
 Old—m the Bell-weather of Tory Faction,
 That against St. *Ignatius* man'd the Lists,
 And play'd the Devil with the *Romish* Priests:
 He, like the Rural God, first horn'd my Satyr,
 And ever since perverted all good Nature.

Nor is it now my Railing Faculty
 At general Ills, that makes you snarl at me;
 'Tis not the publick Vice that you decrie;
 For Doctor you can rail as well as I:

Let but your Avarice be touch'd, or Pride,
 Glut'ny, and some few Venial Sins beside;
 Let but the Tythe-Pig, or the Goose be wanting,
 Or Parish Stipendaries prove recanting,
 Cœlestial Fury to a Storm would rise,
 Glow in the Cheek and Sparkle at the Eyes;
 The Pulpit-Cushion would be torn with thumping,
 And Scourge Divine both Baron lall and Bumpkin.

'Tis therefore no Lay Cause that makes you scold,
 But that I've touch'd the Church'es Copy-hold;
 For that, you read my Satyr with regret;
 'Tis there's the Grand Abuse, which I'll repeat;
 Sound Truth, though never so severe, express;
 Pray, Doctor, contradict me as you please.

* *The Reverend Cl — gy too, and who'd have thought,*
That they who had such Non-resistance taught,
Should e'er to Arms against their Prince be brought;

* True Born Englishman, Part II. p. 42.
 Who

*Who up to Heaven did Regal Power advance,
 Subjecting English Laws to Modes of France,
 Twisting Religion so with Loyalty,*

As one could never live and t'other die;

And yet no sooner did the Prince design

Their Glebes and Perquisites to undermine,

But all their Passive Doctrines laid aside,

The Cl — gy their own Principles denied.

I pause, to have an Answer — none — why then

On go the Spectacles, and to't agen.

Unpreach'd their Non-resisting Cant, and Pray'd

To Heaven for Help, and to the Dutch for Aid.

The Church chim'd all her Doctrines back again,

And Pulpit-Champions did the Cause maintain,

Flew in the Face of all her former Zeal,

And Non-resistance did at once repeal.

What says your Reverence, is this a Lye?

If you can contradict me pray say, I ;

Confront this Slaunder boldly, and deny.

If not, I then shall think it is my due,

To say I've slander'd ye, with what is true :

Then where I touch ye in another strain,

You scurr'lous call't, I only meant it plain.

How when their persecuting Days were done,

And the Deliverer plac'd upon the Throne.

True-Born
Eng. Part. II.
P. 45.

The Priests, as Priests are wont to do, turn'd Tail,

They're English all, and Nature will prevail :

Now they deplore the Ruines they have made,

And murmur for the Master they betray'd.

With more of such blunt stuff contriv'd together,

What ! not one Sentence to confront this neither ?

Why then 'tis plain that my scurrility,

Although it may want good Manners, is no Lye.

Yes,

Yes, cry'd Sir *Owl* in Rage, a base one too,
 As ever carried Falshood with fair shew :
 We Preach our Non-resisting Doctrines back ?
 We cry up one, and then another take ?
 No, no, false Fiend, we only split the Hair,
 Lessen'd the Weight, that seem'd too great to bear,
 Comply'd a little, fearing greater harm,
 And labour'd to keep Steady in the Storm.
 Besides, if our Consent was after shewn,
 And Non-resistance was at last Preach'd down,
 Were there not large and strenuous Reasons shewn ?
 Who the sententious D — ns long Book could read,
 That ever after would dispute the Deed,
 The Deed ! that was so exquisitely done !
 It pass'd, thou he had Preach'd it *Pro* and *Con* :
 Nor do we murmur at the present Reign ;
 Or wish for our Old Master home again.

'Tis true, we should be glad if our behaviour
 could bring the Church a little more in favour;
 but that we e'er had Lust to Rule the Nation,
 or now have Arbitrary Convocation,
 as you'd infer, that say't's as ill a Thing,
 as Ruling Priesthood, as a Priest-rid King,
 as a base fallshood which we so condemn,
 That thou shalt hear me prove, -hem, -hem, -hem, -hem.
 But here a Cough disturbing, stop'd the matter;
 Some say 'twas cunning, others crazy Nature;
 Be it as 'twas, the Argument suspends
 And the bold Cuckoo thought he gain'd his Ends,
 When the attentive Queen to make amends,
 And help her Favourite out upon occasion,
 Thus varied the Disputing, in a Passion:
 Prefuming on my wonted Clemency,
 O base Creature, you would palm your fallacy,

You

You think y' have found the Fatherhoods Blind-side,
 And in that umbrage would your Slanders hide;
 But they're too broad. and 'tis sufficient now,
 That I the Churches Actions did allow,
 And what you sawcily do seem to fly at,
 Receiv'd as done for my Good People's quiet:
 Your Rank Inveteracy ne'er finds occasion
 To handle any Case with moderation:
 Extreame are what you doat on; vilest Words,
 'Tis true, are proper for the vilest Birds,
 Which you are prov'd, your Phrases barb'rous all,
 Loathsome and scabb'd like their Original,
 Churches and Hog-styes share the same neglect,
 The same course Epithets and same respect,
 No *Medium* to allow Necessities,
 Which that your Lines may vouch, how like ye
 these?

True born
Eng. part
ad p. 47.

Let all our Learned Sons of Levi try
This Ecclesiastick Riddle to solve.
By th' first Address thus made beyond the Seas;
They're perjur'd to the most intense degrees;
And without scruple for the time to come,
May swear to all the Kings in Christendom;
And truly did our Kings consider all,
They'd never let the Clergy swear at all.
Their Politick Allegiance they'd refuse,
For Whores and Priests do never want excuse.
Is not this Sentence written most Divinely,
And han't you coupled 'em, ye Rascal, finely:
This, has most plainly told us what you are
Through all disguise explain'd the Presbyter.
None on the Church in such vile terms cou'd fall;
But such as wish there was no Church at all.

How's that, thought I, is it then, so Belov'd,
Is this damn'd Cuckoo, a Dissenter prov'd,

H

This

This is the cursedst scandal that appears
 T' have fallen upon our Tribe this hundred years.
 I know we're stubborn and vindictive too ;
 And can for profit various mischiefs brew ;
 Nay, sometimes not so much for profit neither
 But for a humorous Whimsy altogether :
 I know too, to drive on the good old Cause,
 We make a Glove of Conscience — Cobwebs of
 (the Laws,
 Can stick together like a swarm of Bees,
 When we would set a Mayor up as we please,
 Or choose a Senator to be a guide
 To th' rest, and vote on our *East-India* side.
 We can revolt too sometimes on occasion,
 When we resolve a canting reformation ;
 But to defile the Nest to which we ow'd
 Our Birth, and to disgrace our selves abroad,

Is quite against our principle, we stand
 By our own Tribe, tho we dispute command
 From others, and will let none run us down,
 Nor any weapons hurt us but our own.
 Not that to self-destruction we are us'd,
 For Whigs are never by themselves abus'd.
 But thro a stiff opinion that all pow'rs,
 Sects and Religions ought to veil to ours.
 So rank a hatred then methought inspir'd
 My Breast against the *Cuckoo*: I desir'd
 To have him punish'd for his odious deeds,
 When thus the angry Queen of Birds proceeds.

Yet on the Priesthoods subject, hadst thou there
 With Caution lash'd, and not been too severe,
 Some grains had been allow'd for hasty youth,
 And some few small appearances of truth.
 But 'tis thy scandalous *Account of me*,
 That horrid unexempl'd calumny,

So black begrims thy Face, me whose renown
 Fame's Trumpet o're the Universe has blown,
 Whose Beauty Foreigners so highly prize,
 To whom they come as to a Paradise.
 Nor am I for Antiquity less nam'd,
 Tho in thy hellish scowl so much defam'd.
 My noble *Ancestry* from *Brute* began,
 Through *British* Veins, up to *Cassibelan*;
 From stems of mighty *Roman*, farther spreading
 A God-like Race, Heroes to Glory leading.
 Yet these of all their deathless fame to rob;
 Slave, thou proclaim'st, for an *Amphibious Mole*
 Of yesterday — things of no names, nor note,
 Deprav'd and modern in the Herald's Coat.
 But in true Annals other things appear
 To prove our Stock and ancient Lineage clear:
 Nay, were we but industrious to know
 Our Pedigrees two thousand years ago

Wou'd

Would but our Sons of Art retrieve our Honours,
 Look out with care, for Scutcheons and for En-
 (ners,

They might our Race make out, as they saw good,
 For ought I know, ye Cub, from Noah's Flood.

For ought I know, reply'd the Cuckoo, Madam,
 You may make out your Pedigree from Adam.
 The Mercenary Heralds soon can do't,

Who, that had Gold, e're wanted yet a Coat.

The Footman that can pay, may, tho he bore

The Flambeaux lately, brag of Gales and Or;

The Cobbler, or the Fellow that sells Ale,

His Chevron, Bend and Fex, party par pale.

Y'are rich, and I have given opinion free,

He that has Money, has Gentility.

Besides, to say the truth, I never yet

Doubted, but that your Ancestors were great.

No blemish in your Face or Fame I find,

You are the best and fairest of your kind.

What, tho the contrary I lately wrote,

Will you know all, come, I was hir'd to do't.

Some Cuckoos of our Parish put me on it,

Gave me a Piece of Gold, and I have done it :

And if you'll make me but a Present too,

I'll use all them as scurvily for you.

There, cries the *Eagle*, there you shew you
(mind)

Now you confess the honour of your kind,

What trust in *Cuckoo's*, we adventure may,

That will commend, or rail alike for pay ;

But amongst all thy matchless impudence,

How didst thou dare t' harrangue my Lord,

With such dull Banters and worse Flattery,

That did he know it, thou wert sure to dye.

For he that Vice above all others hates,

No Parasite dares enter at his Gates,

But to his sense appears as stigmatiz'd,

Whilst the Plain-dealer is as highly priz'd,

There, quoth the *Cuckoo*, I was then mistaken;

For Faith I penn'd his Praise to save my Bacon.

Laureats I heard were stipended at Court,

And know they deal in Bartring Praises for't.

I knew not what my luck might come to pass,

I might have prais'd my self into a place,

Been Knighted as some have for Epick strain.

I'm sure that mine's the better piece, is plain.

But the true Cause th' Panegyricks us'd,

Is to gloss o're the rest whom I abus'd,

By a great Zeal for his desert infus'd :

And so have got preferr'd —

Pre

Preferr'd, cry'd she,
 Preferr'd by him, for thy abusing me,
 That is ridiculous to th' last degree.
 Is there a word in all our Dialect,
 So bad to vilify, or to infect
 All good repute, that in some place or other
 Is not apply'd to her thou thoughtst thy Mother
 Call'd *Hetrogeneous Miscellaneous fry*,
 And whether Commons or Nobility,
 All sprung our Lords, or Lords progenitors *True born*
 From French Cooks, Pedlers, Scotch, Italian *Eng. p.*
Whores; *1st page*
 Nay Turkish Horses shew more History
 To prove their well descended Family.
 And yet whilst thus thy barbarous Pen's Inclind,
 Thou'rt calling to thy Satyr to be kind,
 Bidding her hush, and draw a silent veil, *part 1st*
p. 9.
 Thy Native England's vices to conceal;

Just whilst he's loudly bellowing like a Bull, Part 1st.

His nauseous Mouth with foul Invektive's full. p. 19.

He draws a silent Veil, void of offence.

To draw a Tyburn Cart had been more sence.

Then a while after, turning th' humour new,

He bids be Just, and draw her Vertues too.

For Cuckoo's, that's impossible to do.

The Eagle's Vertues only are design'd

For him to draw, that's of the Eagle's kind.

At this, Sir Owl, who now was flesh'd again,

And took the hint, renew'd his former strain,

Survey the Globe, no Nation has a Name,

That has not heard the Migbry Eagle's Fame;

Who long has th' Darling of the World been call'd,

And her blest Brood for Arts and Arms extoll'd.

Her Natives in August Assembly met,

Shew Power so Magnificent and Great.

A Character of the Eagle, viz. England.

*Such Wisdom, Justice, Themes for sacred story,
 Rogues may detract, but ne're eclipse her Glory ;
 And if some sullen rough neglect appears,
 To cloud the Lustre generally she wears,
 'Tis more from th' various temper of the Clime,
 Ruffling her Passions, than her nat'ral Crime.
 What greater Courtesies were ever done,
 Than she to strangers frequently has shewn,
 The Courts of Foreign Princes all must own.
 No Monarch to Ambassadors more kind,
 More nobly free, more humanly inclin'd.
 The Mob of every Nation's much at one,
 And will be surly or ungrateful known.
 They will your kindness awkwardly receive,
 And some will take less freely than they give.
 Not that the humour holds in general,
 Some may be Clowns and Savage, but not all.*

But then the higher sort, the genteel strain,

Who better, or more nobly entertain?

Nay, 'tis a noted English fault, most say,

That we're too free, and over-do that way.

We think no Welcome's given without excess,

And Golden Goblet comes, before you must undress.

Thus we the Queen of Churlishness can clear,

'Tis true, we may have some few Misers here,

As some few Hogs may mix amongst a herd of Deer.

But for her Innate Qualities I dare

The Universe in value to compare,

Wise, Vertuous, Valiant, Formidable, Kind;

An Able Body, and Seraphick Mind.

And if she some few venial Errors shews,

'Tis as a Wart to th' human Body grows,

Which thou'rt the worst of Scoundrels to expose.

Oh, cry'd the *Cuckoo*, Doctor, are you there,
 I'm glad you are return'd from your Catarrh ;
 But that's no wonder, since it plain does seem,
 You'll sooner choak with Malice than with
 (Phlegm

But yet 'tis strange, telling the good intent
 Of my late Book, you still this spite should vent.
 For, tho perhaps I was oblig'd to write it,
 Some sence of Reformation did incite it.
 Iknew my *Mother* there, the Buxom *Queen*,
 (Cry mercy, she that lately was, I mean)
 Somewhat inclin'd to Pride, at least I thought so
 And 'mongst my Pot-Companions have been
 (taught so
 Some other Vices too, that seem'd to me
 To appear large, and very heinous be.
 And having learnt from you the Cynicks rule,
 Of blunt reproving, when I was at School,

Tha

That 'twas the business of an Observator,

The follies to correct of erring Nature;

I thought the reprehension might be done,

Not with the less effect, tho by a Son.

And that a wholesome Satyr thus addressing,

Might stand in the same place of asking blessing.

This made me fall Pell-Mell upon my scroll,

Without regard to this or t'other fowl.

The Princely Eaglets greet with homely words,

As well as all the Flocks of other Birds :

Crows, Pies and Dawes, the refuse of the Wood,

With *Hérons*, and the Lordly *Pheasants* Brood,

All mix'd in one disgrace, only *your Mate*,

Him I have Reverenc'd, him I Celebrate;

Let all the rest with scandal sink or swim,

I'm sure I've spoken very well of him.

In

In one place, cry'd the Owl, 'tis true you, use
(him

With Justice, in another you abuse him.

You call him Great, Wise, Brave, in each degree,
The Soul of War, and Life of Victory.

Plant verdant Lawrels on his Royal Brows,
For Vertues, which the Forrest round allows.

Whilst we with dutious thanks our homage pay,
And own a thousand more than you can say.

But how can't be, that you sincerely praise him,
When in this other sentence you debase him.

He must have been a mad man to rely

On English G — — — ns fidelity,

For laying other Arguments aside,

This thought might mortify our English Pride,

That Foreigners have faithfully obey'd him,

And none but our own brood have e're betray'd him.

True born
Eng. part
2. p. 66.

Malicious slander, had we e're done so,
 The Injury must to resentment grow :
 His soul's too great to smile on those betray him,
 Or Grace, those do not faithfully obey him.
 The Royal Thunder had been grasp'd to shoot,
 And Treachery been torn up by the Root.
 But there's instead of feud, a joynt Compliance,
 Sovereign and People in combin'd Alliance.
 He generously at first come o're to save
 The Crown, which they as generously gave,
 And now as then the Royal Favour have. }
 Still ne're in trust, in spite of base Detractors,
 Nor can our Race forget their Benefactors.
 The Senate know him Just, and he them Wise,
 They on his word, he on their Faith relies,
 VVho will, whenever there's fit Cause to try 'em,
 VVithout the help of *Foreigners* stand by him.

Then

Then the poor scandal which is after told,
 Of Bartring English Blood for Foreign Gold,
 Of selling to the French our Turkey Fleet,
 And Talmarsh injuring at Camarett,
 Thou hast incerted without shame or wit.
 Of th' accidents befall a Warring Nation,
 By common chance made us the sad occasion,
 And this on no design, but to raise feud,
 Disturb the Nations Peace, and cause ill Blood.
 If then for this thou dost preferment wait,
 And think'st by thy fine praise to sit in State,
 The Queen's the only means to bring thee to't,
 Apply'd with speed, one word of hers will do't.

Imprimis, ask a thousand *Louis d'ors*,
 For vouching all her Offspring Sons of Whores,
 And next demand a Lordship for a Fee,
 For studying to Exalt her Pedigree.

From Rascals just enrich'd, and then call'd Lords, True born
Eng. p. 1st.
To please their upstart Pride with new made words, p. 13.

From the Pict, painted Britain, treacherous Scot, Part 1 st. p.
15.

By Hunger, Theft, and Rapine hither brought;

Norwegian Pyrates, Buccaneering Danes,

Whose red hair'd Offspring every where remains,

Who joyn'd with Norman French, compound the breed,

From whence her Noble True-born Race proceed.

If great Reward don't follow such high Merit,

We'll tax the Eagle with ungenerous Spirit.

Forth'next proceeds to, what may't thou not hope,

The Landlord is their God, the Priest their Pope. True born
Eng. part
2. p. 28.
A drunken Clergy, and a swearing Bench,

Has given the Reformation such a drench,

As wise men think, has given some cause to doubt,

Will purge good Manners and Religion out.

Is not this Character too finely donè,

Was ever Nation blest with such a Son.

Then of the Men of Art thy kind regard,
 Another Lordship must at least reward,
 Who newly stain'd with thy reforming blots,
 Promiscuously are all made fools and Sots.

Nor do the Poor alone their Liquor prize,

The Sages joyn in this great sacrifice. page 29.

The Learned men who study Aristotle,

Correct him with an explanation Bottle.

The Doctors too, their Galen here resign,

And generally prescribe Specifick Wine.

The Graduates Study's grown an easier Task,

While for the Urinal they toss the Flask.

Sure all the Sons of Art will think it due,

For this to pay their Contribution too.

In vain great Gib — : that serenity,

Which from thy Childhood always shone in thee ;

That long has been Example to the Nation,

Of vertuous Life, and sober Conversation.

Gay at fit Seasons, yet reserv'd withal,
 Oft high in Mirth, yet ne're so high to fall,
 From whose Learn'd Bounty, those that want may find
 True Med'cines, both for body, and for mind.
 And what does total goodness comprehend,
 A wise Instructor in a generous Friend.
 In vain thy temperance is, and vain thy skill,
 If lewd Debauch, be the Physicians ill,
 And Wine's the chief prescription in the Bill.

But *Cuckoo's* this insert, and only those,
 Should in their Fevers be prescrib'd this dose ;
 For these high Merits that invoke regard,
 You, I suppose, expected a reward,
 And doubtless thought you should your Fortune
 (raise,
 Tagging the work with the *Male Eagles*, praise
 For that indeed you did deserve to get,
 For'mongst your malice, there you shew'd some wit.

In praising him your self so well behave,
 You by it doubtless your own Carcass save;
 For had you follow'd your reforming sence,
 And as y'have us'd the People, us'd the Prince,
 You had been hang'd upon a Tree more high,
 Than ever any *Cuckoo* yet could fly.

Nay, cry'd the *Eagle*, by my eyes and beak
 I swear, that ought not then to save his neck,
 Since that the greatest part of those Essays,
 Is rather lewdness to promote, than praise;
 And that to shew his dimping Art once more,
 He would fain help my Monarch to a Wh —
 Nay, a *Seraglio* and Virgins calls 'em,
 His Introdusement very much extols 'em:
 These Virgins he does modestly propound,
 To come in Troops and listen to his sound,
 Then Romp-like dancing, *band the frolick round.*

One's not sufficient, his procuring sponce,
Would prostitute a Bevy all at once.

Your early Offerings to this Altar bring,

Make him at once a Lover and a K —

The torn
Eng. part

2. P. 55.

May he submit to none but to your Arms,

Nor ever be subdu'd, but by your charms.

May your soft thoughts for him be all sublime,

And every tender vow be made for him.

Let all the world be Judge, if this intent

Can ever Matrimonially be meant:

At least, whilst in my station I'm enthron'd,

And partner of his Bed, and Empire own'd,

Unless for breed a hand-maid I allow'd him,

Which then should be but one, not Troops to
(crow d him.

But he together lures a fighting throng,

To storm my Hero, he that all along,

Through-

Throughout his glorious Life strove to destroy
 All thoughts of Idleness and lazy joy,
 Whole Martial Soul, for my renown and good,
 And tender safety of his Royal brood,
 Defies the rudest gusts that fate can blow,
 The Summers parching heat, or VVinters Snow,
 Makes honour the dear Mistress of his Life,
 The only Rival Queen of me, his Wife;
 And if he ever taste of Loves soft Joys,
 Fame, the superiour charm, is still before his eyes,
 To wish victorious Arms he would give over,
 The Conquerors Name desert for that of Lover.
 Leave wreaths of Oak for garps of fading Beauty,
 More like a Banter looks, than Loyal Duty.

There is, reply'd the Cuckoo, no explaining
 The sense, if you resolve to wrest my meaning.

Not

Not but I own the Flattery is gross.

And may, as since I've understood the case

Of his nice humour, happen to my loss.

I understand of writing but two ways,

And one is to abuse, and one to praise.

And if my Genius worst has touch'd the latter,

Why I must e'en beg pardon for my Satyr,

Own 'twas occasion'd by compacted malice,

And that there were more sharers in its follies,

By throwing off my dirt, bespatter others,

And fairly own the scurrilist had Brothers :

If not in writing it, yet in designing,

And in the bold disposal all combining.

That there were more Knaves at the bottom on't,

Reply'd the Owl, 'tis true, we have account :

But what the mischievous design should be,

Unless to low'r our Topsails a degree,

By

By this disgrace, in hopes to have undone us,
 Now when all *Europe* have their eyes upon us,
 When th' Senate are like *Jove's Grand Counsel* meeting,
 And on *Affairs of mighty moment* treating.

Or else, that thy grub Tribe in these rude terms,
 Oblig'd thee to cry down all Coats of Arms,
 To bring the Leveller again in Fashion,
 And let such Hob-nail'd Rascals share the Nation,
 Are the most proper Reasons I can guess,
 For all these Scandalous remonstrances.

Spite is unwearied, Envy has no bound,
 When thou hast villify'd the Forrest round;
 From th' *Eagles* Race, that soaring are on high
 Down to the lesser Flock that lower fly.

The plump-fed * *Partridge*, comes into thy way, Sir C. D.

Who, because Rich, must be thy Envy's prey.

Savagely slander'd on uncertain grounds,
 In filthy terms beyond all Reasons bounds ;
 His generous Acts forgot, his Charity,
 Tho' Tow'ring so magnificently high.
 The Bushes have ten thousand on the wing,
 That kept from starving, by his Bounty sing.

He, cry'd the *Eagle*, cutting short Sir *Owl*,
 Can make his party good with any Fowl.
 Money can balk a Potent Adversary ;
 'Tis th' empty Pocket makes the Cause miscarry.
 He can defend against thee well enough,
 But the weak *House dove** is not scandal proof. * *Mr.*
Who living in disguise of his Ally,
Unwarranted by Matrimonial tye, |
The Guantlet runs of censure thro the Town,
By all offended, yet offending none.
 They will expound her secret their own ways,
 Whilst the poor she for false opinion pays.

L

In

In vain does modest Vertue gild her life,
 And make a Friend that even exceeds a Wife.
 Tho strict Religion sanctifies her deeds,
 Tho gen'rous Charity Devotion breeds.
 Tho easy mildness gains her just esteem,
 Tho Pride is hated like a vain extream.
 Tho she with patience takes each kind occasion,
 By regular life to fix good reputation.
 And is as Saint-like in her female Nature,
 As ever Providence yet form'd the Creature;
 Yet she a Portion of thy scandal bears,
 And with thy black reflection soyl'd appears.
The Partridge need not go abroad to Rome, True born
Eng. par
2.p. 69.
He keeps a Whoring Jubilee at home.
Whoring's the darling of his Inclination,
An't be a Magistrate for Reformation.

And

And yet thou bid'st thy Satyr to forbear,
Our Women are beyond dispute so fair,
And modefter than other Nations are. p. 2. p. 36.

Nor shall thy Verse the brighter Sex defame,
For English Beauty will preserve her name.

Here they are modest, yonder they are Whores,
 This line abhors their Pride, the next, the Sex
 adores.

Thus as the Whimsy takes, Praise or Detraction,
 By thy licentious Pen is put in action,

So at the Satyrs Cave in times of old.

The frozen Traveller blew hot and cold.

The Cuckoo now that fear'd the Sentence com-
 ing,

And found his Cause grow weaker, fell a humming

Like a Tub-preacher, when he is in doubt

He shan't have sense to make his preachment out.

His words came fluttering in an humbler tone,

And on the verdant Grass his Eyes cast down.

Some sighs were heard too, and a tear appear'd,
 Till a while after lumpish head up rear'd,
 To grave Sir Owl, who gaz'd with Saucer eyes,
 To see conclusion of his Extasies.
 Thus once again began new Dialogue,
 I am I find, cry'd he, a wretched Rogue,
 By natural Vice, and a small curled hire,
 Have brought my self to a fine pramunire,
 I now in vain perceive I am undone,
 From new made Foes know not which way to run,
 What place to shelter my unbandon'd head in,
 And now too late my Writing curse and Reading,
 With *Juvenal* had rotted on the shelf,
 And *Verjuice* Old — m too had hang'd himself,
 E're I inveterate sense has thus express'd,
 Or like the worst of Birds defil'd my nest;
 But if, dear Tutor, pity in your Soul
 Be not quite drain'd — Tutor, reply'd the Owl!

Ye faucey Vermin — Doctor, I would say,
 Answer'd the Cuckoo, oh forgive me pray,
 My Brain disturb'd, and I fear craz'd a little,
 Made me in haste forget your honour'd Title;
 As then, good Doctor, this your Reverend station,
 May change to B — prick this new Convocation,
 As your Long Scarf may from your Neck be drawn,
 And gather'd Cuffs be turn'd to Sleeve of Lawn.
 The five good Livings you already bless,
 Converted to a thumping Diocess,
 Give your poor penitent some good advice,
 How to escape the storm he fears will rise;
 And for this medley of compounded ill,
 Divert the vengeance, by your Sacred Skill;
 Troth, all that I can say on this affair,
 Answer'd the Owl, as the case stands, is pray'r,

As wretches that condemn'd are by the Law,
 When Tryals past, hope vainly for a flaw.
 The Verdicts given, and the Statute read 'em,
 And Conscience stands by ready to ubraid 'em,
 With all their foul offences plac'd in view,
 Thus as with them, so is it now with you.
 Now all your Crimes full ripen'd have undone
 ye,
 All I can say is, Lord have mercy on ye.
 But how effectual 'twill be now to mourn,
 For Crimes past pardon, or which way to
 (turn,
 Puzzles my Charity to such degree,
 I can't resolve on my veracity.
 For thou hast shut thy self from the Com-
 (merce
 Of all the Nations of the Universe,

And

And thy own Lines upon thee, now are

(plain,

If ever thou shouldest be distress'd again,

To whomsoever thou turn'st, thou turnst in

True born
Eng. part

vain.

To Heaven thou canst not have the Face to

(look,

Or if thou shouldst, it would but Heaven pro-

(voke.

And if to Earth, in Europe scarce a Nation

There breathes, for hate thou hast not given oc-

(casion.

First, if to Spain thou dost thy Fortune

(guide,

Thou hast Condemn'd them all for nauseous

(pride.

So proud a people, so above their fate,

True born
Eng. part

That if reduc'd to beg, they'll beg in state,

1. P. 6.

LC

Lavish of Adoney, to be counted by us,

And proudly starve, because they scorn to save.

Never was Nation in the world before,

So very rich, and yet so very poor.

I know not well how poor or rich they be,

But they'll be wise enough to banish thee,

And if thy Exile happens e're that way,

Thou'lt quickly find how much thy pride does
(fway.

Next, if to Italy thou turnst thy steps,

Them thou reprov'st, for Sodom and Rapes,

Where swelling veins o'reflow with living streams,

With heat impregnant from Vesuvian flames.

Whose

Whose flowing Sulphur from Infernal Lakes,
 And Humane Bodys of the Soil partakes;
 There Nature ever burns with hot desires,
 Fann'd with Luxuriant Air from Subterranean Fires;
 Here undisturb'd in Floods of scalding Lust,
 Th' Infernal King Reigns with Infernal Gust.
 The Garden of the World, where th' Spicy Freet
 Perfumes each Rosie Bower, or Grove of Trees,
 Where Cherubims and Seraphims might dwell,
 Defam'd by thee, the Cavern is of Hell;
 A Place for Fiends all burning in Extreame,
 As if each Mole-hill belch'd Vesuvian Flames:
 But they'll not thank thee for that Character;
 So there's small hopes of kind reception there.

If of a Voyage to Germany thou'rt thinking,
 'Tis vain, since thou abstest them for drinking.

* *Drunkennes, the Darling Favourite of Hell,* True-Born
Eng. Part. I.
p. 7.

Thou say'st, chose there to Rule, and Rules so well,

No Subjects more obsequiously obey,

None please so well, or are so pleas'd as they :

The cunning Artist manages so well,

He lets them bow to Heaven, and drink to Hell.

Go thither, and when there, this Story tell ;

See with what smiles they'll cherish the finart matter,

And with what vast applause indulge the Satyr :

Yet, ten to one^s since they are Topping Fellows,

They're rather *Bacchus* Pupils than *Apollo's* ;

And to expel thee will all joyn together ;

So that will be no place of shelter neither.

If then a Visit to our Neighbour *France*

Thou mean'st, thy hinting how like Apes they
Dance.

* *A Cap'ring Nation, fickle and untrue;*

Have oft undone themselves and others too:

Prompt the Infernal Dictates to obey,

And in Hell's Favour none more great than they.

These Lines will rout thee quite; they'll say derision

Is plainly meant: For breach of the *Partition*,

That others ruine, and their own, is plain:

A Jerk upon the new-made King of S—n.

And that th'Infernal Dictates heavy fall

On rich *Car—o*, the grave Cardinal:

And so explain a thing to own they're loath,

The *M—sieur's* breach of League, and breach of
Oath;

Which soon might turn Affairs, if prov'd it be,

And potent Nations raise to Mutiny:

For *Frenchmen* all are hot, as a rub'd Nail;

And Passion will on slender Cause prevail,

So that to steer your Vessel by their Gale:

Th'Offence

* True Born
Englishman,
Part I. p. 8.

Th'Offence you late have given 'em being so great,
That can no more then th'rest be safe retreat.

'Tis true, *Hibernia* thou dost not condemn,
Which makes some say thou art o'th' *Irish* Stem:
Yet they'll refuse thee for denying them.

Tis we have th'Honour, that thou deign'st to
chuse us;

Thou own'st thou'rt *English*, e'er thou dost abuse us,

Nor will old *Britains* e'er receive thee there:

* *The Welch thou soy'st, have blest their
Character.*

* *True-Born
Englishman.
Part I. p.12.*

By Irony their Ancient Race dost bind,

With dregs of Armies, they of all Mankind,

More to increase thy Tuneless jarring Notes,

Thou Northern Tribes call'st interloping *Scots*.

* *The Royal Branch from Piëtland did succeed,*

* *True Born
Englishman.
Part I. p. 24.*

With Troops of Scots and Scabs from North by Tweed.

The seven first years of his Patifick Reign,

Made him and half his Nation Englishmen :

Scots from the Northern frozen Banks of Tay,

With Packs and Plods came Whigging all away,

Thick as the Locusts, which in Egypt swarm'd,

With Pride and hungry Hopes compleatly arm'd,

With Native Truth, Diseases and no Money,

Plunder'd our Canaan of the Milk and Honey.

Here thou their Line dost even to dirt debase,

Though they are Hero's in another place :

Just as the wriggling Maggot larger spreads,

Backward or forward, as the humour leads :

One Couplet does their Scabs and Packs disclose,

Another, Scotland's elder Glory shews :

Her Gourbons, Hamiltons, and her Monroes,

Douglass,

Douglafs, Mackays, and Grahams Names well known,
 Long before th' Ancient Eagle knew her own.

* True-Born Englishman. Part. I. p. 24.

Sure thou for this deserv'st the Lawrel Crown;
 The Caledonian Sons must cross the Tweed,
 To thank thee for illustrating their Breed:
 Or, if thy way ward Fortune chance to make
 Thee wander, and that way a Journey take:
 No doubt but they'll remember that good day,
 When with their Packs they Whigging came away:
 Praise thy Poetick Genius to the Sky,
 That does their Honour and their Begg'ry tie
 Together in one knot of Gallantry.
 And certainly thy high desert will Crown,
 With a Reward or Cudgel from the Town.

Then, if refused of all, at last you come,
 To beg your Country to stay here at home,

Trusting

Trusting to Clemency and Bountious Nature,
 They never can be brought to grant the matter ;
For they must always twitt thee with thy Satyr.

See there they'll cry, by all the Fiends possess'd,
The unnatural Bird that late defiled his Nest.

Whilst still thy Person with contempt they Greet ;
 One will throw Stones upon thee, others Spit ;
 Whilst some, that fiercer Fury does inspire,
 Will seize thy Corps, and drag thee through the
 Mire :

All joining with revengeful Combination,
 To show'r upon thee their ungovern'd Passion ;
 And think, though this be done each hour of time,
 No Punishment is equal to the Crime.

The trembling *Cuckoo*, at Sir *Owl's* last Words,
 Became the saddest, most forlorn of Birds ;
 So much confounded, between Guilt and Shame,
 H'had scarce sence t'excuse himself, or blame

His late abhor'd Offence appear'd so foul,
 Shown in a Glass at large so, by Sir Owl,
 As put him to so dreadful a confusion,
 He stood like one just drawn to Execution.
 Ah! now I am rewarded right, he cry'd,
 For all my former Stubbornness and Pride;
 The weight of my heap'd Follies fall upon me,
 Which, when I least expected, have undone me:
 Now, I perceive the *Cuckoo's* spite must fail,
 When they the Eagle's purity assail:
 And honour'd Vertue, of so fair a strain,
 Is not to be made odious by my stain:
 My Eyes are open'd quite, and now I see
 Her Beauty, and her Ancient Family,
 Both late disdain'd, and vilified by me:
 For all the Nations of the World are mix'd,
 As well as she, nor to one root are fix'd.

'Twas Profit first, that made me wrong her worth,
 Then base ill Nature gave the Scandal Birth;
 Gains odious Pencil all the fallhoods drew;
 And fullen Pride and Malice all that's true.

Enough, reply'd the *Om*, this plain Confession
 Will save the Court your Tryal the next Session:
 Nothing remains, but the dire Sentence now,
 Confess, the next thing is be hang'd, you know:
 Nor can I, though my Charity's at stake,
 Declare I'm sorry or my Heart does ache:

Nor venture to give Sacred Absolution,
 To help a Soul, like thine, out of confusion,
 * As Curate Buzard did a while ago, * Jer. C.
 To some that would have kill'd the K — or so.
 I tutor'd thee some years, thou know'st with care,
 The weight then, now on thy own Shoulders bear;
 Salvation's Road is Penitence and Pray'r.

So much, to do my Function right, no more
Expect, no farther Medicines now, the sore
Is Mortal, and the Doctor gives thee o'er.

Scarce had the *Owl* concluded, when the Queen,
With look compos'd, Majestick and Serene,
An awful lustre, sparkling from her Eye,
The Symbol of her Sovereign Dignity,
Which strook, with Pannick fear, all those look'd
on her,
Drew near, and gave her Sentence in this Manner.

The Eagle's Sentence on the Cuckoo.

How happy had'st thou been, most vile of Creatures,
Had'st thou sung Psalms, instead of scribled Satyrs?
Nay, hadst thou taken care, since thou would'st write,
To patch thy matter up with moderate spite;
Told me my Faults, with some sign of good Nature,
Had I been bad, this would have made me better;

And

And thou have gain'd an Everlasting Praise,
 To make thee Famous in succeeding days:
 But thus to make an infamous Narration,
 Increase my Frailties to Abomination;
 In Publick shew my Ails, and each decay
 Expose, if thou an Issue found'st, the Pea;
 This Juncture too, at this Nice time of Day,
 The Ill contrive, in hopes to raise vile Factions,
 Now, when all Europe waits my prudent Actions;
 And needs must Jest and Laugh when they're alone,
 To see so scandalous an Odium thrown
 Upon me, by a Creature of my own.
 This is a Crime of so abhor'd a kind,
 'Twould hinder Mercy, though she were inclin'd,
 My Doom then, though not half enough severe,
 Thou most deprav'd of all vile Wretches, hear

My

My Subjects of the Feather'd soaring kind,
 With Rushes should thy loathsome Carcase bind;
 Then on some parching Common, one by one,
 Peck till thy Guts lay open to the Sun;
 T'unnnumber'd Mites thy hated Body tear,
 Till not an Atom's bigness did appear;
 But this, because thou honour'd wert at first,
 Amongst my Brood, and in my Nest wert nurs'd,
 Shall be diverted, and thy own vile hand,
 Most fit thy own vile Person shall suspend.

Near a fam'd Tower, of old built to oppose
 Rude Insurrections of * *Augusta's* Foes, * *London*,
 Where Ancient *Thames*, with crooked winding
 glides,
 Repletes and Ebbs, with her alternate Tides,
 A forlorn Spot, called *Execution-Dock*
 Appears to view; on it, of Timber-stock

A Gibbet stands, a dire Monument made,

To frighten those that use the Thieving Trade,

Poor common Slaves, unskill'd in great Affairs,

That purloin Sheep, and sometimes Cows and
Mares,

And now and then some Pyrates that have shares

In Robberies at Sea; and such like Deeds,

Such as your Ancient *Sb — ps*, and Modern *K — ds*,

Oft dangle there; the Scum of all the Nation,

That can't arrive to *Tyburn-Exaltation*;

'Tis neither *England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales*;

Nor any other Land we know of else:

But on bleak Sands, its bending Forehead shows,

Just where the humorous Water Ebbs and Flows:

There, as fit place, I charge thee in few Words,

To 'scape due Vengeance from the injur'd Birds.

Advance, and boldly daring Wind and Weather,

Hang up the self and Satyr both together;

Thy Carcase be dispos'd to those that priz'd thee,

Thy Papers to the Cuckoos that advis'd thee.

She said, and had no sooner Sentence given,

But a Storm fell, as if the Earth and Heaven

Were in Contention which should get the better,

The solid Element, or that of Water,

Loud Claps of Thunder follow'd, Flakes of Fire

Æthereal, as if Nature did conspire

With Providence, a Universal wrack,

And dissolution of all things to make.

The controverting Birds away were flown,

The Cuckoo and his Enemies were gone,

Without so much as seeing Judgment done.

Such Terrour had the Storm impos'd on all,

That still methought impetuously did fall;

Till

Till by the troubled Motions of my Soul,

Reason, at last, wild fancy did controul,

And wak'd me, whilst reflecting on the Theme,

I found my self quite dry, and all had past a Dream.

POST

And work'd me while reflecting on the Theme
 POSTSCRIPT.

THE Effects of what my Dream had suggested to me had so strong an Operation, that I was not very long recovering my Senses, to put 'em in a method of descending seriously upon it. The *Cuckoo's* abominable Character was no great Credit to our Dissenting Party; nor did the Reverend *Owl* handsomely get off, from what was impos'd upon him neither; which, though altogether Visionary, yet carrying a strong Reflection with it on a late Modern Libel; which, I confess, for the sake of my Countrymen, I am very glad I have the Memory to expose, as if it were real. I receiv'd this benefit from their small Argument however, that it gave me an ~~occasion~~ to consider, what ridiculous disadvantages to the Nation accrew, by the perpetual Difference and Jangling of these two Opinions, that never, though it has been often endeavoured, could bring it to an indifference, in relation to their Souls; but that their Bodies also must entertain a hatred of one another at the same time. If the Steeple-house, and that with none,

none, would make it their business to oblige their distinct Sons, to use an amicable regard to one another, and join in a League offensive and defensive against *Rome*, and the Common Enemy; always proposing *Conscience* as a true Guide in their Matters, Sacred as well as Civil, no doubt but we should be happy above all other Nations; the Union amongst our selves empowering us to be in so formidable a Condition, that we need not fear good success against those who make a Breach of Honour and Justice, upon the score of Regal Dignity, and the alluring Temptations of destructive Ambition; nor damp our Courages by any prospect of ruinous mischief, that can fall upon us by a *Religious War*; but 'tis fatally otherwise with our *English* People: The hatred and contempt of Persons generally follows the dislike of Tenets and Doctrines: And as the two *East-India Companies*, by perpetually contravening about their particular Profits, occasioning amusement, and indeed hinder the progress of Trade and business amongst all others, so the constant jarring of the two aforesaid Opinions, must of necessity cause a considerable diminution, as well as neglect, of the Sacred Mystery and Practice of Religion. I was never naturally byassed by my own inclination against the Church, tho' being ingaged by the disposers of my Minority and Education, I have been obliged to allow the Meeting-house Community; but at
O this

this juncture I must needs own my esteem for their Cause lessens so very much, and the reflection of the *Cuckoo's* Malice, Stubborness, Injustice, Ingratitude, and Barbarity, tho' in Fiction, agreeing with the unquestioned and unanswerable Imperfections of some of our Tribe, that at least the Scales weigh equally, if there be no difference in the poize on the Orthodox side. I cannot deny but that I have been honoured with the acquaintance of several just learned and pious Men amongst our Dissenters, whose Doctrines have been very instructive, and whose exemplary Lives have very beneficially been a Guide to others; neither is my Conscience so straight-lac'd, but that it still engages me to own the Purity also of the Church of *England*, in which our Nation, and not only ours, but those abroad, (affected with candor) must acknowledge a number of learned, wise, religious and most excellent Preachers, intirely sway'd by uncorrupted Conscience, and an unreign'd Zeal for the Good of the Kingdom; nay, to our Country's renown, let it be publickly added, that we daily improve in the Sacred Art of Theology, and never were more elegant in Delivery, nor more effectually convincing, in the Method and Substance of true Devotion than now; nor is there any thing wanting, but conformity in our Inclinations, and the solution of some few trivial matters, which bars us from yet making our selves, tho'

in these troublesome Times, to be the most flourishing and happy People of the Universe.

Let the Dons of the City then take it into Consideration, and agree, e'er it be too late, in point of their present unreasonable Differences.

And, for my own part, I will now explain my self, and declare for the Orthodox Party, at least, do all I can to unite both, and put an end to all unhappy Separations, tagging my Resolution to the piece of a Song, lately made, on the unfortunate Divisions, causing the ruine of the Ancient Britains, viz.

England take Caution

By this Fam'd Nation,

All agree

Whilst y'are free,

And Rich and Able:

Friendly Treat,

You'll be great,

Quarrel on

T'are undone

Think on the Bundle of Rods in the Fable.

F I N I S.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THere being a Mistake in the Printing the Number of the Pages, at 40 and 49, the Reader is desired not to mind it, but go on.

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